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#### ALDERMEN'S HONOR.

HE MAYOR is shocked at what the Aldermen and the wardmon and the district leaders have been squeezing out of the 7,500 newsstands in the public streets and passageways of the city:

At the rate of \$200 a license, and I verily believe that is the overage sum they get for them, you could raise a million and a half of dollers of graft out of these licenses! There are 7,500 licenses throughout the city, and to do it is a shame, because most of those who take out these licenses are people struggling for a living.

I wrote to them (the Aldermen) again and called their attention to this case, but they paid no attention to it and it was not remedied. I thought FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR OWN HONOR that the men in that board who are respectable men and have reputations in their communities would take it up and put a stop to it. BUT NOTHING WHATEVER WAS DONE.

The Mayor should revise his notions of Aldermen, their duties and their honor. We used to think they were meant to right wrongs, pass ordinances, keep a city fair and orderly and serviceable for its citizens.

Aldermen may do these things in some cities. Ours are too busy nursing graft and privilege.

When New York City Aldermen sit they sit softly for fear of disturbing somebody's rake-off.

Not long ago they pretended to examine the scandalous extortion practised by the taxicab companies upon the people of this city. They held a few hearings.

It became clear from these hearings that the big hotels are selling for thousands of dollars each year street privileges that belong to the citizens of New York. The taxicab companies grab this money straight out of the pockets of the people whom they force to pay the present preposterous taxi rates. It became glaringly plain that existing taxicab fares and regulations are a shame and a disgrace. It became plain that TAXICAB EXTORTION SPELLS TAXICAB GRAFT!

Then what did the Aldermen do? They hushed up the hearings and quit. "NOTHING WHATEVER WAS DONE!"

There are Aldermen and Aldermen. Ours are a special brand. THEY OUGHT TO BE STUDIED.

#### A VOLCANO OF DRAMA.

TOW COME the barvest days for playwrights. More theatres, more plays this season than ever before. Demand insatiable, supply inexhaustible! Yet never was the reward of master play builder greater or more alluring. In spite of encouragement and prizes, however, the successful playwright of to-day probably turns out fewer plays than did his predecessors in the great and spacious days of the drama. Few first rate dramatists since Shakespeare, Moliere and Schiller rival them in shelf space.

The famous Spanish poet and playwright, Lope de Vega, still holds the record. In 1603, when forty-one years old, he found that he had written 341 plays. In 1609 the number had risen to 483. By 1618 he had to his credit nearly 900 pieces, and when he died, in 1635, his total output of plays reached 1,800!

It is asserted that every one of the 1,800 was acted during the author's lifetime! Five hundred have been printed and survive in Spanish literature. His biographers record that once at Toledo he wrote five dramas in a fortnight; and that half a morning was often enough for him to polish off an entire act. The greater number are three-act pieces in verse. He is said to have dictated poetry when five years old, before he could write. His printed plays alone fill twenty-six quarto volumes, and there were thrice as many more

Take note, ye modern playwrights, and despair!

### FEMINISMS.

WOMAN who flew into a rage and killed her husband pleads "furore transitoria." Sounds more operatic than "a passing

Ohio women have started a society to stamp out the habit of idle

gessip among their sex. Still bent upon her own undoing!

With the help of side whiskers, black stocks and trouser straps
under their boots, Englishmen are bravely trying to recall the blessed

era of Pre-Suffragettism.

Wind it up in the air, and while it was spinning in the air the young man performed an amazing bit of jugglery with it, and with his flat-brimmed straw hat an a cigarette, which feat he ended by cacthing the cigarette in his mouth, the cane horizontally across the toe of his uplifted patent leather show and the edge of his uplifted straw hat on the bridge of his pose.

Marathon mush with the fan I met was spinning in the air, and while it was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air, and while it was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man with the fan I met was spinning in the air the young man wit

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton says the Bull Moose candidate is a "selfsufficient, one hundred per cent. male," just the kind women go crazy standing on edge on his nose back onto about. Then she shouts, "Vote for Wilson!" Not like other girls!

> An educated people is easily governed. FREDERICK THE GREAT. Died Aug. 17, 1786.

### The Day's Good Stories

### Deduction.

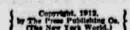
How She Managed It.

femion is good for the soul, you know."
"Yes, I have heard so. Well, you see,
quite a nice sum of money saide from a
lar salary every week."
"And how?"

Same Thing. THE orchestra played No. 6, a selection that seemed to the backelor very beautiful. He leaned toward his companion and whispered. "How breeft that is! What is it, do you show?" She san, id demursly and replied in a low, the little way to be the second demursly and replied in a low. "It is the 'Maiden's Prayer,"

"It is the Malors the she handed him bur pro-ground, counting to No. 6 with her finers. He real and started, for the real name of the selection was Mendelsrohn's "Wedding March." hought the ring next day .-- Cinent freely. You may trust me. Con cincati Enquirez.





By M. de Zayas



# TOPP ily The

## Mr. Jarr Receives and Turns Down His One Best Chance to Get Rich

op of Harlem youngsters followed this astounding free street performance, produced a card which read;

asked the young man who had given negative. Whereupon the young man

Mr. Jarr surmised he was the old top "Don't remember me, eh, old top?" in quention. He shook his head in the

# The Conquests

No. 12.-The Soda Clerk. handle, a thin yellow bamboo cane with knobby ridges all its length that gave it

(SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH)

By Alma Woodward Copyright 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).

HAT are you reading?" I it from the glass to the shaker an' the air with it! So I fergot all about "Baseball." she respected.

the aspect of a snake's backbone paint-"Baseball," she retorted When he did this, and deftly re-moved his hand, the bent cane would straighten out like a living thing and sound up into the air above the young As it came down he caught it and

YOUNG man, attired in one of the

go among the more tasty dress-ers of the jeunesse doree, came swar-

As he walked he pressed down, with

It may be imagined that an admiring

The Synonym.

the palm of his hand on Ms crooked

gering up the street.

ed yellow.

shaggy blue suits that are all the

"Oh. yes. Since noo L I'm inter-

Then, with a graceful stooping me- a box of Odoretta cigare that the tion, he kicked the cane up into his Giants would lose the Pennant. An', hand again and let his hat drop from gee, by to-day's news it certainly does look like little Connie wuz goin' to

ower of words like that on that poor buzzin' bees. An' as each one come in and I may take out a Chan

"You sound like an ad, for a college "Oh, good evening, Miss So-and-so—And he he course," she said, "but I got yuh, what's it to be this evening? A rasp-which read. Steve! The guy's name was the with his eyes an' gurgle:
"You're forgiven." I murmured as she with his eyes an' gurgle:
"Skeets to the sweet, y'know!"

"Well, I come in the store one night "It wasn't only one or two—it was the fer a cake uv soap, an' right away whole goldarned female population of that precinct! An' when most of 'em wavy line with a quart of malted milk had went I sailed up nice an' quiet an' (chawklet flavoring), when he flipped I says:

(chawklet flavoring) flow out the flavoring flavoring flavoring flavoring flavoring flavoring "I hate slang, but I know of no correct English phrase for 'easy a feller who was expert do a long distance throw with that drink, but never a feller who was expert do a long distance throw with that drink, but never er's flop. Yer a dead one with me! But slick "
"Why not 'ultimate consumer?"

Of Constance

cake uv soap an' went right up to the desk an' unchained a nickel! Au' I "Are you interested? I didn't "Gimme or "'Gimme one of them." "An' he says back: '16 cents, pleaso!" know you were." "An' then I looked like I wus crushed

over that an' I surprised myself an' worked a Marathon mush blush, an' he says low down with the fan I met "But, of course, to GOOD customers on the Sixth ave- we make it 10."

"Then I knew I had him, an', say, ested again. Any- what he didn't put in that drink wunn't nobody's business It had chop sucy skinned a mile!" "Didn't it make you mok?"

"Naw! Nothin' makes you sick when you're in love. The doctors ain't on to the reel cure for indigention, an' any- 'movie' actors that could ride and rope. sycophants. It takes a wise man to how, if they wur they'd set pinched fer I joined out with 'em in Oklahoma.

recommendin' it, 'specially to married | "Well, I hope the exercise in the open folks! It's just to sit opposite some one air did you good," said Mr. Jarr. "Will you're dougone sweet on when you feed.

You keep on as a moving ploture cowhead?

Why, if yuh got a fierce attack of
mushitis yuh c'n eat rubber heels "No. I got a bank roll now," said
young.

enthusiastically. "Shake! But what do I cough up if I lose?"

The confession of another conquest."

All right. We'll make it Simp, the sundaes an' kep' right on chewin' maple nut soda slinger. He wux next on the list, one night I went into the store an' he can drive needles into him without him

The physical resumbance will and promote the street carnivals and will Jones and John Jacob Aster is striking. Each of them has a very jest of vice with a soft pedal. We have sundaes an' banana splits. An' then store window seven day sleep and you one night I went into the store an' he can drive needles into him without him

The physical resumbance will will Jones and John Jacob Aster is striking. Each of them has a very jest of vice with a soft pedal. We have sundaes an' banana splits. An' then store window seven day sleep and you one night I went into the store an' he can drive needles into him without him

he says:
" 'Oh. good evening. Miss So-and-so-The guy's name wus Simpson herry smother or a pineapple pinch?"
was called Simp for short."
An' then he'd do a triple somersault

paused for my approval.

"Well, I come in the store one night "It wasn't only one or two-it was the fer a cake uv soap, an' right away whole goldarned female population of I fell fer the grand way he made a that precinct! An' when most of 'em

"I am Sidney Slavin. Who

trait of his Satanic Majesty) Are You?" marked the young man, taking the card back and replacing it in his pocket.
"My professional address, "Care of the

: the (and here was imprinted in vivid scarlet a conventional por-

"Yes, I remember you, now," said Mr. Jarr, "you are Mr. Slavinsky's oldest

"Yep. You and the old gink are great

"Your father and I are friends and, if you wish me to have any opinion o you, you will have to speak more re-spectfully of him," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, all right, all right! I take it back!" said the young man hurriedly.
"Well, I'm glad to hear you talk that way," said Mr. Jarr. "You're just back from the West. How's theatricels?" "I've been cowboying."

Mr. Jarr regarded his slim, white plane playing hands suspiciously.

"For the movies," explained the young not as plain 'Jack Astor,' but as with Comanche Charlie's Wild West, and I learned to ride a mustang. When I found the open air producing companies were paying ten bucks a day for

"Now, Connie." I reproved, "just bedidn't see me, an' I hid behind a bunch
budging, any hour of the day or night.

o' hair tonic an' watched him. An' any!

o' hair tonic an' watched him. An any!

but it's a better drag for the rubes to
bury him alive. I'm looking for a partno reason why you should fasten a borhood flockin' 'round like a lot of ner with a little cash to put to mine, rors too. See this outfit for sale?" And he handed Mr. Jarr & clipping

which read.

FOR SALE—Demon Child. 58; Des Child.

SS; Pur Child. 58; Peterfiel Child.

Expression Mummies. 58; Mummy Child. 58;
Two-Hescled Boy. 810; Indian Giantess and baby. 812; Mermald. 810. Old Man of the Res. 812; Three-Armed Cirl or Roy. 810; Four-Faced Boy. 812; Three-Leagned Roy. 670; Girl. 812. For one week only. Cash with order PROF. No. Los Angeles, Ch.

# She Sighs for a "Home-Made Summer Resort."

HAT do you hate worse than a summer resort, Mr. Cutting?' in quired the Rib, as she let herself and the Mere Man into her tiny apartment and sank into a Morris chair with a sigh of exhaustion. "Another summer resort," replied the Mere Man promptly.
"Oh, how good it is to be home!" murmured the Rib. "And

ow nice you look-after four weeks of nothing be. Jmmer ment "Thanks," said the Mere Man. "This unsolicited testimonial"-"I'm all frazzled out!" continued the Rib, unwinding her veil and sticking her hatpins into the divan; "I was frayed to the edges and worn thin before I went away, just from the exertion of trying to find some truly ideal placewithin commuting distance. You know there are reasons why I always like to be within commuting distance."

"Am I one of them?" inquired the Mere Man anxiously.

"You are," the Rib assured him sweetly. "But there are—er—one or two others. I wanted to find some resort where I wouldn't have to resort to cyanide or carbolic acid for relief'-"Or to babes and octogenarians for attention?" put in the Mere Man.

"Or to Elinor Glynn and Robert Chambers for amusement," agreed the Rib. There are thousands and thousands of places; but whenever you find a really charming one, where you might get comfort and repose, and gain strength, you realize that it would take all the strength gained during the week to pay your bill at the end of it. Next year I'm not going away at all. I'm going to build a summer resort of my own."

"How original!" murmured the Mere Man, lighting a cigarette. "It is," declared the Rib. "But it takes some one with a really violent

and beautiful imagination to do tt." What are you planning?" inquired the Mere Man gently. "To construct

an artificial lake and build a forest on the roof?"
"Not on the roof—but in the ROOM, Mr. Cutting," replied the Rib, waving her hand triumphantly around the cory little apartment. "Just look at the view of the water from that window! Isn't that a good foundation to start with? Is there any summer hotel from which you can see anything more

"None in the world!" declared the Mere Man, without taking his eyes off

"Now," she went on, "I'm going to buy dozens and dozens of flowering plants and bank them around the windows and on the ledges and in all the sunny spots; then I'm going to invest in two or three canaries to make sweet

sylvan music"-"And a few Angera cats to represent the plazza rocking-chair tabbles," suggested the Mere Man.

"And I'll put up red and white awnings," went on the Rib. "and wear middy jackets, and" "But you can't BATHE in your view of the water," objected the Mere Man. "No, but I can bathe in the moonlight in the evenings. And I've discovered a new brand of bath-salt that smells like roses and geraniums and lilles and violets; and I'm going to fill my tub with cold water and sait every

morning and splash around in it until I get the real impression that I'm having an ocean bath. You'll miss the banana peels and tin cans and dead clams," warned the Mere Man sadly.

"Yes, and the mosquitoes and gossip and bugs and worms and things." she acknowledged ruefully. "And you'll have to paint yourself a rich, red brown and peel your nose

by hand to get the real feeling." "I suppose so," sighed the Rib. "But don't be so discouraging. And in the evening," she went on, "I'll get some nice man

"One of your 'reasons'?" inquired the Mere Man bitterly. "To take me to a roof garden, where I can listen to good music and sip

"Yes? Go on!" urged the Mere Man. "And listen to nonsense and my sweet things?"

"You ARE so cynical!" protested the Rib repreachfully. "Don't you think home-made summer resort' a good idea?"

"Bully!" said the Mere Man. "Only when you get long letters from your friends in the Maine woods or the Adirondacks you'll believe every word they say, and be envious and discontented." "I won't read them, Mr. Cutting!" the Rib declared. "I know what you

\* nean. I used to write that way myself. But here's the truth: A person who is having all the glorious, mad, joyous dissipation they describe in these summer letters hasn't the TIME to write them."

"Then what makes them always do it?" inquired the Mere Man plaintively. Just the inspiration?"

"Just desperation!" returned the Rib, with a malicious little laugh.

# The Week's Wash. By Martin Green.

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HAT Astor baby is certainly off, twenty years,—unknown of course to

three million dol- interesting but instructive." lar bankroll." Poor sittle stranger!" said

"I'd say he's off to a pretty bum start. He comes with his future all framed up, but

MARTIN GREEN WEI be represented by a dollar sign. "His outlook is for a placid sort of an existence up to the time he comes of strings for many weary years -al-though his mother doesn't wear an apron. In his youth he'll be known.

billed to travel a drab road. "His chief disadvantage will lie in his associates. A boy with much money in his own right is a shining mark for get away from kidding himself. What

chance has a millionaire boy with lot of common sense. The discussion everybody around him swelling his was pretty even and nobody flow of the



"Willie Jones must fight his way to the front. If he has the goods in bim

to a good running start," re-marked the head polisher, "with parison and prospects of those alive at

a ready - made the end of the period would be not only The Gabfest Habit

D D you hern your way into the mass meeting at Cooper Union Wednesday night?" asked the into the world head polisher.

'I have never acquired the mass m

> every couple of minutes has put con-siderable of a orimp into that form of Protest against abuses.
> 'However, I will say that the Copper



"What?"
"What?"
"It bet you a pair of purple buck-skins, to enatch your new fall suit, that the 'd' sell his grandmother for they'il win the Pennant. Then you're a kies from you!"
"Say, you're a sport!" she declared enthusiastically. "Shake! But what do look and the content of the street carnivals and of the content of the street carnivals and the content of the store that the besetting pounds as sure hit singer in the store that the papers. Many of them carnivals and the content of the store that the besetting pounds as sure hit singer in the store that the papers. Many of them carnivals and the content of the store that the besetting pounds as sure hit singer in the store. The papers are the content of the store that the besetting pounds as the content of the store that the papers. The papers are the content of the store that the co

ject of vice with a soft pedal. We have vice in New York—a whole let of it. It is scattered all over town. There im't a district that down't bear the smiron. Then why not drag vice out of the residential districts and the tenement districts and put it in a section where it can be branded? The enswer is that any party seeking to elect effects on any party seeking to elect efficials on that platform would be overwhelreed at

What He'll Miss.

novelist, says Wilson will now be called "Woody" as Roccevelt

framed up, but the only father he "There are times when man meetings are justified, but the propensity of busy parties to shoot themselves into the limelight by calling a mass meeting

Union mass meeting was pervaded by a

